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# "UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode # 70.

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12:30 to 1:30 P.M. C.D.S.T.

JULY 6, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" ---

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: Our one-hundred and sixty million acres of National Forests represent a vast public estate, managed in the common interest of us all. The administration of such a far-flung estate is a huge enterprise, calling for a highly developed organization and the efficient coordination of many activities. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are the "men on the ground," and among other things it is their part to start the ball rolling in rounding up much needed information, which is consolidated and assembled in the Supervisors' and Regional Foresters' offices in turn, to be transmitted to the Chief Forester's office and to the public. Even in an isolated ranger station, some office work is therefore necessary. Many a ranger, - rugged out-door man-of-action that he is, - has a natural aversion to office work, and Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, who are in charge of the Pine Cone District, are no exceptions. Consequently, when the office work piled up incident to a big rush of business at the :Pine Cone Ranger Station, it was a welcome relief to Jim and Jerry to have a clerk detailed from the Supervisor's office to help out for a few weeks. As you know, Jerry became very much interested in the office work when the clerk turned out to be an attractive young lady, Miss Ruth Lander.





But the village school-teacher, Mary Halloway, whom Jerry has been rather sweet on for some time, naturally was not so pleased about it. -- Well, up in the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, we find Jerry and Miss Lander at work in the office. Here we are ---

JERRY: (LAUGHING) - Gee, Ruth, you look like you've working hard.

RUTH: Why, what's the matter? --

JERRY: (LAUGHING) You ought to see your face. You look as if you'd been rooting out those dusty files with your nose.

RUTH: Oh dear! And look at my hands. I can't touch a thing without getting it dirty. You wipe it off for me.

JERRY: Leave it there (LAUGHING) it's the dirt of honest toil.

RUTH: Jerry, you get a towel and wipe that dirt off my face. I won't have you laughing at me.

JERRY: Oh, all right - where's your handkerchief? Here, I'll use mine - it's clean. Hold your face up.

RUTH: Oo - oo - You just tickle my nose. Are you afraid to rub it?

JERRY: Here hold still. -- There, how's that?

RUTH: I don't know -- how do I look?

JERRY: Just beautiful.

RUTH: (WITH MOCK STERNESS) Will you kindly put that file back, Mr. Quick, and lift the other one down?





JERRY: Not to change the subject, Miss Lander, I will.

(SOUND OF DROPPING HEAVY FILE DRAWER ON TABLE)

Gee Ruth! Is this the last one?

RUTH: The very last one -- unless you find something else for me, I'll finish up tomorrow.

JERRY: That means you'll be leaving us -- I'm -- I'm sorry.

RUTH: Are you really? -- I hate to leave, too. It's been so nice here, and you all have been lovely to me.

JERRY: What do you say Ruth -- we'll take the horses after work, ride up Sunset Peak and watch the sun go down over back of Big Sawtooth range.

RUTH: Oh Jerry, that would be wonderful! But the horses --

JERRY: Jim will surely get back today. He'll let us have Dolly and you can ride my horse, Spark. He's a dandy -- and I'll ask Mrs. Robbins to put up a picnic supper -- we'll take it up and eat on top.

RUTH: Oh Jerry you're so --

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: (COMING IN) Morning, folks. How's it going?

RUTH: Oh, good morning, Mr. Robbins.

JERRY: Hi, Jim. It's about time you were getting back.

JIM: Yep. I was kind of late getting around last night, so I bedded down up at Pat Gallagher's sheep camp, and came on in this morning.

JERRY: Mrs. Robbins said that's probably what you'd do.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) You can't fool a ranger's wife, Jerry.

I s'pect she knew I'd be away overnight before I did.  
-- Well, how about it? Everything under control here?







JERRY: Yeah. We're getting pretty well cleaned up, Jim.

RUTH: Oh, I should say. I'm almost out of a job.

JIM: How about the reports? Let's see -- this month's calendar calls for Service Report, Expense Record, Report of Timber Cut, Recreation Visitors, - and the fire summary report.

JERRY: We've got 'em all finished except the fire report, Jim. We're working on that now.

JIM: (MOCK SERIOUS) All correct and concise and accurate?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Sure. Look 'em over and see for yourself.

JIM: Guess I'd better. -- Let's see - this is the Service Report, eh? -- Got your diary up to date?

JERRY: Yep. Right up to the minute.

JIM: (MOCK JUDICIAL TONE) Well now - on how many of the forty-eight activities to which a Ranger's time should be charged, have you worked this month, young fellow?

JERRY: Forty-nine.

JIM: Forty-nine, eh? Out of forty-eight activities. Looks like something's gone haywire.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Oh no. Somebody's gone fishing. Ruth and I went out early this morning after that big rainbow under the rock.

RUTH: Yes. Oh, we had the best time!

JIM: I see. -- Did you catch him?

JERRY: Yes, but he broke my line and got away.

JIM: Hmm. I ought to charge you some penalty for that, young fellow. What'll it be?

JERRY: How about a half day's leave?





JIM: So you can go fishing again, huh? (CHUCKLES) Nope. You'll have to get up early in the morning again and try it. -- Well, let's see -- you've got down 304 hours total for the month for me, huh? -- and 278 hours total for you?

JERRY: That's right.

JIM: How many days away from headquarters?

JERRY: Twenty-two.

JIM: Well -- this looks all right. We'd better get 'er to the Supervisor on the noon mail. Now how about the record of expenses?

JERRY: We checked all the bills. Every allotment checks out except the trail fund. We have a balance of \$87 to turn back to the Treasury.

JIM: Fine -- The Trails are all in good shape too.

JERRY: It's a shame to lose that money. I wish we could use some of it to buy me a pair of boots in place of those I burned up fighting fire.

JIM: (LAUGHING) If Uncle Sam reimbursed us for all the clothes we ruin fighting fire, I'd have a big bill to present.

RUTH: After all it seems only fair, when ones loses clothes fighting fire, that he ought to get paid for them.

JERRY: That's right -- Ruth you back me up and we'll get an appropriation passed to buy me some new boots.

JIM: (LAUGHING) Well, that's just what it would take -- a special act of Congress -- This report appears to be all right. Miss Lander, do you want to fix it up to mail?





RUTH: Sure!

(SOUND OF RAPID TYPEWRITING FOR TWO OR THREE SECONDS)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Sounds like a real office when Miss Lander makes the old machine hum that way.

JERRY: I'll say. Ruth sure can make that typewriter talk.

RUTH: Oh thank you, Jerry.

JIM: Well, it don't make me mad, not havin' to peck out reports myself. I never could get along with one of those machines any too well. (CHUCKLES) Sounded like an old rooster with a sore bill pickin' corn off the barn floor.

(JERRY AND RUTH LAUGH)

JIM: If I'd ever hurt the old trusty forefinger, I'd 've been out of luck. -- Well, how about the nabob report?

RUTH: You mean Recreation Visitors?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Yep - how many forest trotters with their toothbrushes in their shirt pockets -- that wear red handkerchiefs around their necks when they go riding, and you can see day-light under their brithces when the horse lopes?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) You're not very complimentary to our visitors, Jim.





JIM: (CHUCKLING) I was just repeating the way Pat Gallagher described 'em. He was also rantin' last night about the lady dudes that yelp every time they see a bug, and are scared to death they'll get ashes in the skillet. -- But you can't always tell about these lady tourists, Jerry. The time somebody dropped a cigarette butt on Blue Mesa about noon the fire was seven miles around before dark, a lady tourist mounted a mustang and rode day and night as messenger till the fire was under control - and she wasn't afraid and you couldn't head her off as long as she was needed. -- So never call a lady tourist a nabobess till you see her head snap when her horse jumps a log.

JERRY: No indeed.

JIM: How many did we have for the month, after they're all ROUNDED up?

JERRY: Two thousand, seven hundred and difty picnickers and campers; - transients, four thousand; - special use, hotel and resort guests, three hundred.

RUTH: How do you get those figures, Mr. Robbins? Who counts them?





JIM: Those numbers are estimates, Miss, based on the best information we can get. We have tourists' register books at the camp grounds for the picnickers and campers, you see - and hotel guests and summer home occupants are easy to get. -- The transients, though, we have to estimate by having our guards get a line on the number of cars passing per day on our two through highways.

RUTH: Oh, I see.

JERRY: The total was six thousand and fifty visitors, Jim. What would you do if each one of them started a fire, - or left a dirty camp, or shot up our signs, or --

JIM: Hold on, now. We wouldn't have any forest left. -- Let's see -- these are the reports on timber cut last month, huh?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Did you get the scale of those ten marked trees, and eighteen good logs - wasn't it? - that the operator left in the upper end of the sale area?

JERRY: Yep. The instructions say to scale timber abandoned in the woods just the same as the logs hauled to the mill.

JIM: That's right. -- I don't see how they come to leave those logs. Ground is a little steep but not bad skidding at all. Well they are not worth going back for now, so they will be a total loss - so if the operator has to pay for this timber anyhow, he'll probably be more careful about wasting good sound logs. -- Let's see, there's still the fire report, eh?





JERRY: Yeah. We ought to get that finished up this afternoon.

JIM: Uh huh. -- As for me, I s'pect I'd better drift over to Squaw Flats this afternoon, and see about some trespassing horses I got a line on yesterday.  
(KIDDING) I s'pose you'd be too busy to go along.

JERRY: Well, we ought to get that report finished up today, Jim, and Ruth - uh - Miss Lander is only going to be here a little while longer and - well, I'd planned to take her up on Sunset Peak this afternoon - that is if we could get Dolly - but if you're going out again

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Uh huh, I see. I'll ride Zipper this afternoon. I turned Dolly out in the pasture when I came in this morning but you can catch her up again.

BESS: (OFF) Oh, Jim -

JIM: (CALLS) Yes, Bess, what is it?

BESS: (COMING UP) Mr. Dowd wants to see you about some timber, Jim.

JIM: All right, Bess. I'll talk to Mr. Dowd in the other room - (CHUCKLING, GOING OFF) so's not to interrupt some very important work in the office here.

JERRY: Mrs. Robbins - Ruth and I are thinking of riding up on Sunset and eat supper there. Would it be too much trouble to make some sandwiches for us?

BESS: Why of course not, but you'll want more than sandwiches. I'll fix up a nice little picnic supper for you --





JERRY: Oh, don't go to a lot of bother, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Now you just leave it to me Jerry - It's a beautiful view Ruth - the most gorgeous sunsets.

RUTH: Oh, I'm just thrilled - I know it must be perfectly beautiful.

BESS: Why don't you ask Mary Haloway to go too? You three young folks could have a real nice time together -

RUTH: (WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM) Uh - why yes of course - why not ask her, Jerry?

JERRY: Well - uh - of course it would be nice - but I don't know where to get another saddle horse. Jim's going to use Zipper and that just leaves Spark and Dolly.

BESS: I see -- well, I'll have a nice lunch all ready for you.

RUTH: Thank you so much, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: What time do you want to start?

JERRY: About five-thirty.

BESS: (GOING OFF) I'll have it ready.

JERRY: Thanks a lot, Mrs. Robbins.

(DOOR CLOSES)

RUTH: (GIGGLES) Oh Jerry, won't it be fun?

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES SHOES ON ROCKS)

JERRY: Whoa Dolly. -- Here we are. That was some climb, wasn't it?

RUTH: Oh! But isn't it gra-a-a-nd?





JERRY: Wait, I'll help you off your horse, Ruth.

(SOUND OF HORSE STEPPING AROUND)

JERRY: Whoa Spark. -- (TO RUTH) Here let me --

RUTH: Now catch me -- Oh Jerry -- Thank you.

JERRY: I'll untie the lunches and take the horses down to that grassy spot, so they can have supper too.

RUTH: And I'll sit right here on this boulder and drink in the beautiful view.

JERRY: Giddap Dolly -- Come on Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES MOVING OFF)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

RUTH: What will we do with all this food, Jerry? Mrs. Robbins is so generous, she must have thought she was putting up supper for a crowd.

JERRY: I wonder if she did. Here I'll take all these papers and things and burn them on this big flat rock. Like an altar see? (SOUND OF SCRATCHING MATCH) And the smoke will be sort of -- our evening offering --

RUTH: Why, Jerry, I didn't suspect you were so poetic --

JERRY: (HASTILY) Oh, look at the sun now. --

RUTH: Isn't that gorgeous (WITH FEELING) O-o-o-h. I've never seen anything to equal it. -- Just like a huge red and gold pear dropping down out of that cloud bank. O-o-o-h Jerry -- you don't mind me squeezing your hand? I'm just thrilled by it all.

JERRY: It's great isn't it? Look at Old Scraggy in the Sawtooth. Every rock and peak stands right out against the sun.





RUTH: It's wonderful. -- Why haven't we come up here before?

JERRY: Mary and I have watched it several times. It's never twice the same but always well worth the trip.

RUTH: Look at those fleecy clouds - just like molten gold - and the pink and orchid tints - Oh, Jerry, and to think that tomorrow is perhaps my last day!

JERRY: Yes, it's too bad, but we'll come up again the next time you come to Winding Creek, Ruth.

RUTH: Tell me, Jerry, does everyone who sees this sunset view feel it as deeply as you and I?

JERRY: I don't know. Mary likes it. You know, Ruth, she's an awfully fine girl. She's always thinking of others. Last time we were here she wished all the people in Winding Creek could see it. We had a lot of fun guessing what everybody down there was doing - see, that's Winding Creek where the smoke is rising above the trees. Some are just cooking supper, and some are all through and washing the dishes. Old man Sykes is trying to get the loafers out of the store so he can close up. Mrs. Morton is putting her twins to bed and Johnny Mills is milking his cows.

RUTH: Oh, but this is our sunset, Jerry! Just yours and mine. See the sun is almost gone - just a golden crown on those sharp peaks. How quiet it is. -- Put your arm around me Jerry. Isn't it all too wonderful for words?

JERRY: Yes - it - it sort of gets you, don't it?





RUTH: Yes - I'm so happy - nobody else in the world but you and me - does my hair bother you?

JERRY: Um - uh - no, I like it.

RUTH: You've been awfully good to me, Jerry. I don't know how to thank you -- every minute since I've been out here has been just perfect and you have made it so - so -

JERRY: We were all glad to have you here Ruth. It's been a big help. -- I'm glad you've enjoyed your visit here. I kinda hate to see you leave.

RUTH: Oh but its you, Jerry -- you're so big and strong and fine in every way. You love nature and beauty and all the finger things. I've enjoyed meeting and knowing you so much.

JERRY: Well - I think you are kinda nice, Ruth.

RUTH: Oh Jerry!

ANNOUNCER: Well - what do you think of that? -- These beautiful sunsets in the mountains sort of do things to folks, don't they?

Tune in again at this same hour next week when we'll have another glimpse of the Pine Cone Ranger District.

This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the U. S. Forest Service.



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